

Extract from The Anti-Jacobin or Weekly Examiner  
N<sup>o</sup> 8. January 1<sup>st</sup> 1798 p. 62

(By Chief Baron Macdonald.)

The following Poem has been transmitted to us, without Preface or Introduction, by a Gentleman of the name of Ireland. We apprehend from the peculiarities of the style that it must be the production of a remote period. We are likewise inclined to imagine that it may contain allusions to some former event in English History. What that event may have been we must submit to the better judgement and superior information of our readers; from whom we impatiently expect a solution of this interesting question. The Editor has been influenced solely by a sense of its poetical merit.

### The Duke and the Taxing-Man.

Whilome there lived in fair Englande  
A Duke of Peerless wealth,  
And mickle care he took of her  
Old Constitution's Health.

Full Fifty Thousand Pounds and more  
To him his Vassals paid  
But ne to King, ne Countrie, he  
Would yeild th' Assessment made.

The Taxing-man with grim Visage,  
Came pricking on the way,  
The Taxing-man with wrothful words,  
Thus to the Duke did say:

"Lord Duke, Lord Duke, thou'st hid from me  
"As sure as I'm alive  
"Of goodly Palfreys Seventeen  
"Of Varlets Twenty five"

Then out he drew his gray goose-quill,  
Ydipped in ink so black,  
And sorely to Surcharge the Duke,  
I trowe he was ne slack.

Then 'gan the Duke to looken pale,  
And stared as astound,  
\* Twaine coneynge Clerks, eftsoons he spies,  
Sitting their Board around.



For Fri Anthony Macdonald, Chief Baron of the Exchequer  
(See S. Ireland's Journal V. 1. p. 75 & V. 4. p. 14.)



"O woe is me," then cried the Duke  
"Ne mortal Wight but errs!  
"I'll hie to yon twaie coneynge Clerks,  
"Yclept Commissioners."

The Duke he hied him to the Board,  
And straight 'gan for to say,  
+ "A seely Wight I am, God wot,  
"Ne ken I the right way.

"These Varlets Twenty-five were ne'er  
"Liveried in white and red,  
"Withouten this, what signifie"  
"Wages, and Board, and Bed?"

"And by St. George, that stout Horseman,  
"My Palfreys seventeen,  
"For two years, or perchance for three,  
"I had forgotten clean."

"Nare," quoth the Clerk, "both horse and foot  
"To hide was thine intent,  
"Ne seely Wight be ye, but didst  
"With good advisement. &

"Surcharge, Surcharge, good Taxing-man,  
"Anon our Seals we fix,  
"Of Sterling Pounds, Lord Duke, you pay  
"Three hundred Thirty-six."

\* Twaie Coneynge Clerks — Coneynge is the Participle of the Verb to Ken or Know. It by no means imports what we now denominate a Knowing One; on the contrary, Twaie Coneynge Clerks means Two intelligent and disinterested Clergymen.

+ Seely is evidently the original of the modern word Silly — A seely Wight however, by no means imports what is now called a silly fellow, but means a man of simplicity of character, devoid of all vanity, and of any strange ill — conducted ambition, which, if successful, would immediately be fatal to the man who indulged it.

& Good advisement means — cool consideration.

For Sir Anthony Macdonald, Chief Baron of the Exchequer see G.H.L.'s copy of Saml.  
Ireland's Journal Vol. I. p. 75 and Vol. 4 p. 14







Misnomers

Or a sample of Contraries

Air - "Madame Fig's Gala" (W. H. Ireland)

I've a comical thought in my brain  
So I'll e'en give my naggot its ramble  
This life is so chequered by pain,  
Thick strewed o'er with thorn & with bramble  
Let em seek out my meaning who will,  
Misnomers are now my vagaries;  
Lye mankind, my friends just as ye will  
Tis my maxim to judge by contraries  
Pumpti iddity, etc

Mr Lion was meek as a dove,  
Mrs Dove clawed her spouse like a vulture,  
Mr Frost was overflowing with love,  
Mr Farmer knew nothing of culture;  
Mr Cannon had never seen shots,  
Captain Ball ran in battle from cannon  
Mr Gardiner had no plants or pots,  
Mr Irish was ne'er clipped in Shannon  
Pumpti iddity, etc

Mr Black had a phiz like a smock  
A mulatto was spouse Mr Fairman  
Mr Head had the scone of a block  
China oranges sold Mr Pearman  
Mr Swift never stired for the gout  
Mr Round was a lank poplar tree  
Mr Keane was a true laby-cout,  
And the ugliest of bratswains Ben Shee  
Pumpti iddity etc







Mr Ireland was true Cockney bull

Mr England was Dublin's dear Pat

Mr Bright was confoundedly dull

Mr Sharp was amazingly flat;

Mr Gross was but mere skin & bone

Of Grenadier Short was the tallest

Mr Light weighed some twenty-three stone,

Mr Greathead of skulls had the smallest

Rumpty riddity etc

Mr Scarlet was true olive dye,

Mr Taylor a needle neer threaded

Mr Frank was deceitful & sly,

Mr Snow to the fireside was wedded

Mr Green had a phiz passing blue

Mr Grey was all flaming with pimples

Miss Rose with rose-pink had health's hue

Mr Cook only lived upon simples

Rumpty riddity etc

Mr Carpenter neer used a plane

Mr Sawyer he never saw sawpit

Mr Turner the lathe turned in vain

Mr Joiner for dove-tail had no wit

Mr Wenter was always on fire

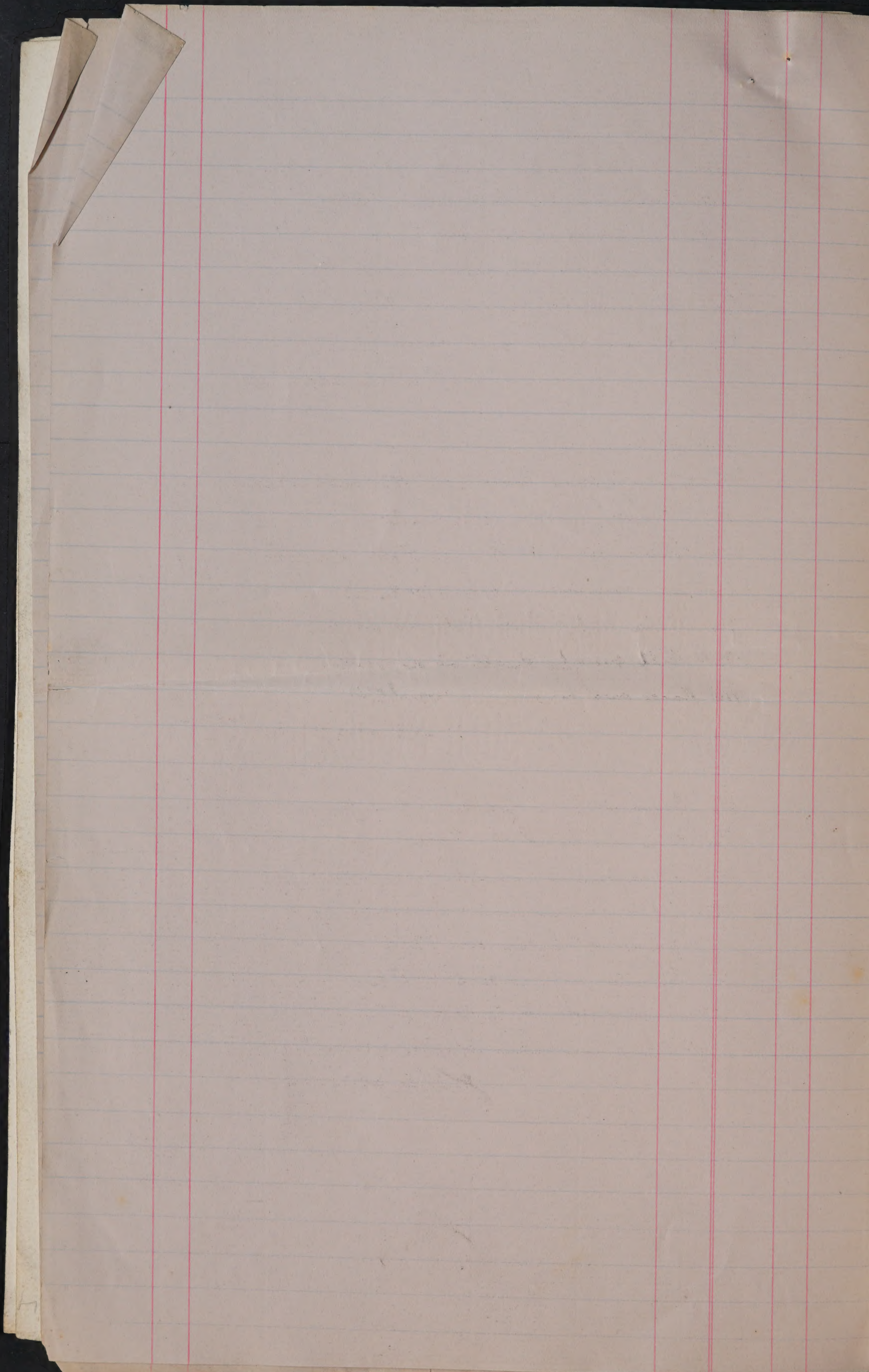
Mrs Meeker proved of shrews a choice pattern

Mr Dry only moved to perspire

Mrs Bride in her dress was a slattern

Rumpty riddity etc







(3)

Mr Bull could not butt, though he'd horns

Mr Lane was in person bent double

Mr Price fearing horns, slept on thorns

Mr Pence all his life was in trouble

Mr Fox never headed the hounds

A loose coat the garb was of Spencer

Mr Rich never was worth twenty pounds

Mr Boxer shone first as a fencer

Rempts iddity etc

Mr Gotobed sat up all night

Captain Woods lived upon the salt oceans

Mr Thorogood never did right

Mr Graves paid to Thames - sheet devotion

On an eminence lived Mr Dale

Mr Buie hated beef that was salted

Mr Hill snugly dwelt in a vale

Mr Race on a nag never vaulted

Rempts iddity etc

Mr Goodrich a rogue was and poor

No head ever looked Mr Babers

Mr Speed never passed his own door

Mr Quirk was a prime undertaker

The pleasantest fellow was Paine

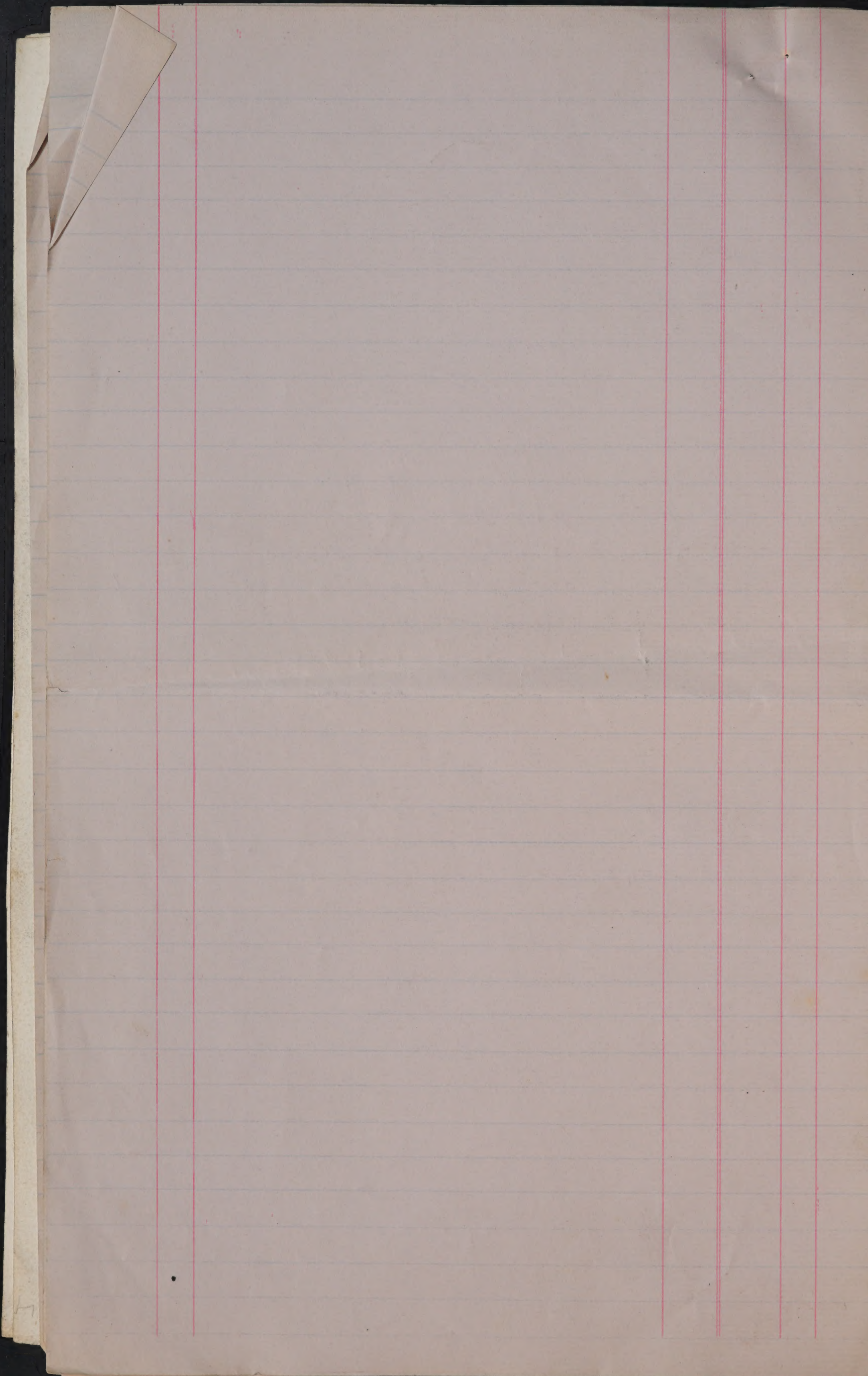
Mr Chandler abhorred smell of tallow

Mr Life never warbled a strain

Mr Blood was all shrivelled & sallow

Rempts iddity







Mr. Smith to the right seemed to fly  
of wit Mr. Hunt had no speech  
Mr. Bacon of Land was quite dry  
Mr. Hook was not found to catch chads  
Mr. Hogg never was a peasant  
Mr. Steel boasted about the most plant  
Mr. Thresher never handled a flail  
Mr. Small was a seven-foot giant  
Rumple solidity etc

Mr. Turner never dunned for a debt  
Mr. Seaton was given to swearing  
A grain Mr. Reed never set  
Mr. Love of his sweetens was sparing  
Messrs. Fisher & Fort loved to hunt  
Messrs. Porter & Carter kept coaches  
Mr. Brown was in prison a month  
Mr. Pope on his friends was ever so cross  
Rumple solidity etc

Mr. Temple never passed a church door  
Mr. Bishop did naught but blasphemy  
Mr. Furbill might rank a rank here  
Mrs. Sweet was of taste the Queen  
Mr. Stange was with all hands in place  
Messrs. Powell & Ridd never flogged a bottom  
Mr. Welch was sincere in his love  
And the Beasts were all sinners old and new  
Rumple solidity







Copy of a Letter in Verse . written by William Henry Ireland.  
 Unpublished

To Rosa with the Tear of Contrition

Ah! do not — do not to much blame  
 Forgiveness Love is all I claim

Reject me not lamenting  
 Were I as thou & thou wert me  
 I wou'd not doom to Misery.  
 The heart that sorely bleeds to see  
 Its crime — and bleeds repenting

Try me — ah try me Love once more  
 The heart is mine that can adore;  
 And proffer due concession  
 Then be what I wou'd prove to thee  
 An Angel minist'ring Mercy  
 Pardons flow from — Divinity  
 And True Love — scorns oppression

A.D. 1818

W. H. Ireland.

This was an address to W. H. Ireland's 2<sup>nd</sup> wife  
 Martha Ireland nee Colpepper. She was the widow  
 of Capt<sup>n</sup> Paget Bayly R.N.  
 "Rosa" was an affectionate name Wm. H. Ireland  
 always called her by. J. Hilder Libbey







York Herald Jan<sup>y</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 1811.

Song (by W. H. Ireland)

Four in Hand Education To the popular tune of "Derry Down"

Old Squaretoes my father who deeply would think

THE DAILY ADVERTISER AND ORACLE.

Monday, May 31st, 1802. Page 2, Column 4.

Mr. Skeffington's "Word of Faith."

Will please make 2 copies

*The Daily Advertiser and Oracle*

Column 4  
of Honour"

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Addenda  
for

Printer's Copy

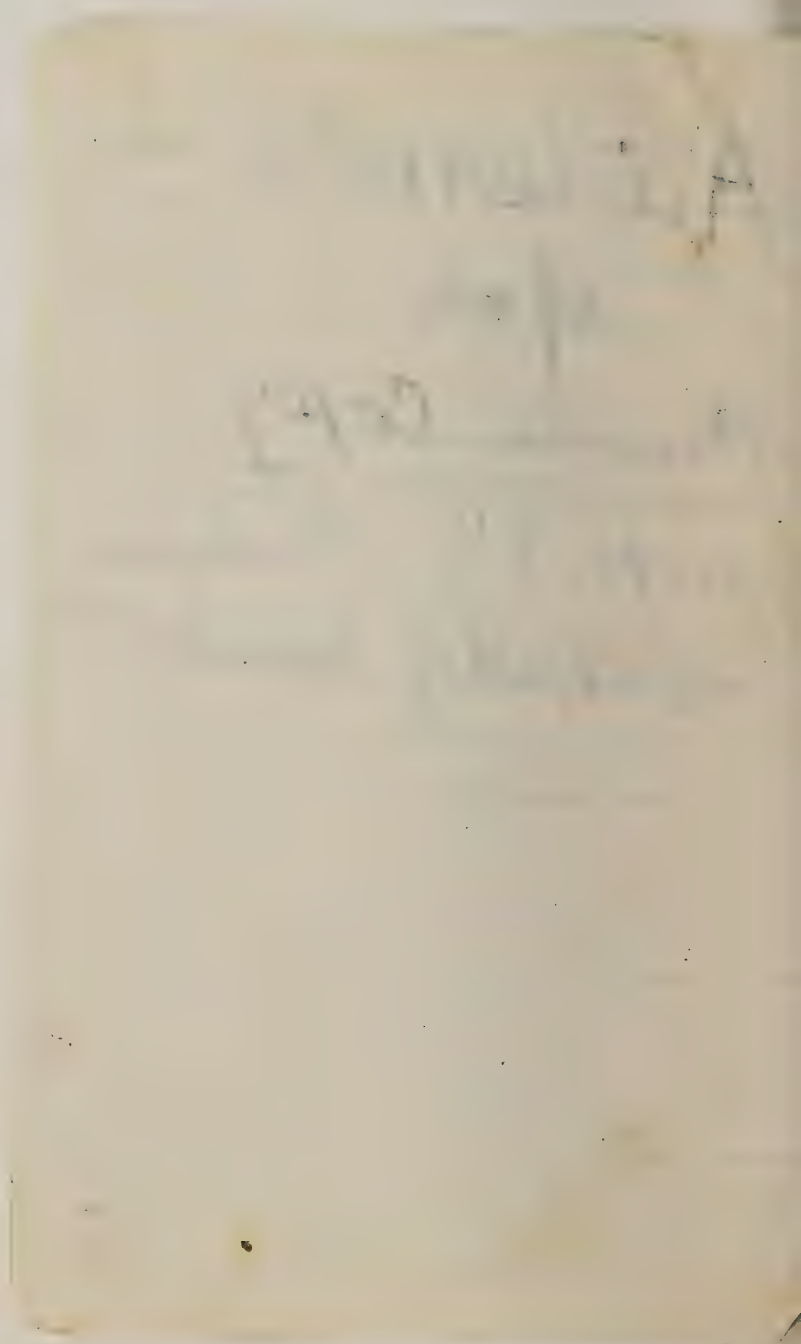
W. H. I's Prologu  
to Word of Honour<sup>6</sup>

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age of my soul.  
we must implore,

For one who never sued to you before!  
Our youthful Author! who this night appears







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Written by W. H. Ireland

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Subdued by gratitude, not chill'd by fear;  
I am

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M.S. Copy of Prologue to  
"Word of Honour" by W. H. I.  
Copies are now typed for both  
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For one who never sued to you before:

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5



Time.

Overtime.

Expenses.



York Herald Jan<sup>y</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 1811.

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I come, my soul's warm feelings to impart,  
And breathe the language of a grateful heart.  
'Tis you have foster'd me, to you I owe  
Those tranquil joys that from contentment flow;  
'Tis you protect your veteran servant still,  
Whose chief delight is to obey your will.  
For fifty years now I have trod this stage,  
My form has yielded to the hand of Age.  
Yet proudly let me say, Time's stern controul  
Has not yet warp'd the feelings of my soul.  
Trembling I now your favour must implore,  
For one who never sued to you before:  
Our youthful Author! who this night appears







Your Sarvant, gentle folks. Forgive me, pray,  
 I'm come now last of all to see a Play;  
 For you must know, in this, my Sunday gown,  
 I left our village for this flaunting town,  
 'Cause folks did tell me sights would never cease,  
 Upon the Proclamation of the Peace.  
 Lord bless the Peace, say I, and bless the hand  
 That guards the steerage of my native land.  
 Well, from the stage I got, my bones full sore,  
 When Coachee drove us to the Great Blue Boar.  
 First, after squeezing 'twist a Cit and Tar,  
 I saw the Mayor arrive at Temple bar;  
 Aloud I heard the joyful tidings read,  
 Then came away, well pleas'd, tho' almost dead.  
 At night, Lord bless us! what a blazing scene!  
 The lighted lamps of red, blue, pink, and green,  
 Appear'd to charm the eye in each abode,  
 From Hyde-park corner to the City-Road.  
 The India House to see I needs must go,  
 But there a clumsy fellow squeez'd me so,  
 I scream'd with agony, then limp'd along,







And to the Bank was carried by the throng.  
 The house of Monsieur Otto seem'd on fire,  
 And there, indeed, I thought I shou'd expire;  
 Believe me, tho', the scrouging was no joke,  
 For there I lost my apron, shoe, and cloak.  
 Well, in a night or so, my Cousin Sue,  
 With John the Butler, after much ado,  
 Forc'd me away, the Op'ra Folk to see,  
 Where I was told they play'd deep Tragedy;  
 But, lauk, I never saw such stuff before,  
 For when the Gentlefolks cried out encore,  
 A fine dress'd Lady, without sign of pain,  
 First singing, died, then rose, and sung again.  
 With Suk and Betty, Lady Whimsie's maid,  
 I saw the folks all go to Masquerade —  
 La! what a jumble! —

Why, some were ragged as our thesser Ben;  
 Some men were women, and some women men.  
 But at some men I laugh'd, still more than that,  
 With large loose sleeves, and with their Op'ra hat —  
 That poor squeez'd hat, that makes your London Cox







Look just like taylor's carrying home black cloaths.  
This is not all - I've likewise been to view,  
The paintings at the Exhibition too:  
But after all, to me the rarest sight,  
Is that I see before me here to night;  
Such sweet good nature and such winning grace,  
Beams in each eye, and cloaths each lovely face.  
That ev'ry sight is now forgot - but one -  
To see that sight a thousand miles I'd run,  
To praise it, I am sure, you'll all agree,  
Is our lov'd King, his Queen, and Family.  
O! may the choicest blessings still attend  
Old England's Sov'reign, and his people's friend.  
May ev'ry bliss kind heaven still has in store  
Await that King we honor and adore.







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to please.

Oh! cou'd you read his breast, I know you'd find  
each trait that stamps the unassuming mind;

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G. 13 93	Three Tables Two Towel arreis	} 3-0-0
G 13 94	Print - Repair - Stand	1-6
G 13 95	Mrs Hlesley Cam. & 6-1-8	2-6
G 13 96	4 Plates B & S.	1-6
G 13 97	Dining Table, Adeline Two Bowls, Cream Jug basin, Cut Tumbler, Stuffs dish &c Child's Tea Set Two Glass Plates Chinese Mask	} 5-8-6
G 13 98	Pr. Bronze Lustre	10/-
G 13 98 A	Pembroke Table 2-15-0	)



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Whose chief delight is to obey your will.  
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My form has yielded to the hand of Age.  
Yet proudly let me say, Time's stern control  
Has not yet wrap'd the feelings of my soul.  
Trembling I now your favour last implore,  
For one who never sued to you before:  
Our youthful Author! who this night appears  
Alternately O'ercome by hopes and fears;  
Whose thought conflicting, your sweet smiles can ease,  
And this o'erpay him for his wish to please.  
Oh! could you read his breast, I know you'd find  
Each trait that stamps the unassuming mind;

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I had me to College where I learned to drink

His feelings wou'd a Cynic's ire assuage,  
And lull to rest the direful critic's rage.  
Your gen'rous patronage will not refuse,  
Protesting kindness to a trembling Muse,  
For well the feelings of his soul I know,  
For favour so benign his breast will glow.  
Let me in this fond hope but auger true,  
His warmest gratitude shall live for you;  
And to convince you that I vouch aright,  
He'll pledge his Word of Honour ev'ry night.

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Epilogue. (appears in "Frogmore Fete").

Written by W. H. Ireland.

(Behind the Scenes).

Do let me pass, I must and will go by,  
Folks must not be kept waiting so for I.

---

Your Sarvant, gentle folks. Forgive me, pray,  
I'm come now last of all to see a play;  
For you must know, in this, my Sunday gown,  
I left our village for this flaunting town,  
'Cause folks did tell me sights would never cease,  
Upon the Proclamation of the Peace.  
Lord bless the Peace, say I, and bless the hand  
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And there, indeed, I thought I shou'd expire;  
Believe me, tho' ~~XXXXXXXX~~ the scrouging was no joke,  
For there I lost my apron, shoe and cloak.  
Well, in a night or so, my cousin Sue,  
With John the Butler, after much ado,  
Forc'd me away, the Op'ra Flouk to see,  
Where I was told they played Tragedy;  
But, lo! I never saw such stuff before,  
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Dispatched me to College where I learned to drink  
And as my degrees were from drinking to drenching  
I soon gain'd preferment in wrangling and wenching.

Derry Down.

Thus prospered my learning when honest old dad  
Thought fit to pop off for the good of his lad  
With estates unmolested and money in plenty  
My race I commenced when of age - two and twenty

Derry Down

'Tis just four years since in which space I have shewn  
How quickly the hoards of my sage dad have flown  
Nay more my outgoings, receipts have confounded  
And now for the ready - last acre's impounded

Derry Down

Well, what of all that, I've acquired highest fame  
I wench, drink and drive, I can horserace and game  
With Richman I spar, as coal heaver can drink Sir  
But above all I'm ranked of the Four-in-hand Club Sir.

Derry Down

With slouch'd hat inquiries of Bailiffs to check  
A quid in my mouth a silk wipe round my neck  
A drab coat so long with each hand tuck'd in pocket  
No cabbage allowing ensures Snip the docket.

Derry Down.

Thus array'd four-in-hand I support the game still  
Heres at you Old Buxton - dash off for Salt-Hill  
To the backbone I'm blood for there's naught in the land Sir  
So worthy renown as our Club Four-in-hand - Sir.

Derry Down

So a fig for the Schools and Minerva's stale rays  
Give me my Mail-Coach and my four harness'd bays  
With them I defy all that's sapient or civil  
I'm primed to bang up though my mark be the devil.

Derry Down

W. H. C. I



York Herald March 9th. 1811.

Impromptu (by W. H. Ireland)

Upon reading in the York Herald a very handsome panegyric on  
Mr James Rule Watch-maker lately deceased.

As a Watchmaker strides in Nicety's school  
Of course all his wheels must be govern'd by Rule  
But Death that o'er Nature extends his fell reign  
The Mainspring will break and dis sever Life's Chain  
Of Minutes and Hours stole each regular Hand  
In short make the Watch of Humanity stand  
Such Temmy's thy lot for enshrining that place  
Which keeps thee as snug as a Time-piece in case  
No doctor's or physic can now set thee free  
Wound up by Mortality's adamant Key  
But why this despair Sir a Second shall come  
To put soul in motion its workmanship's sum  
Where no tick is given by Death's dread defeator  
As thrice Trumpets blast prove the quickening repeater  
Thus merit and worth with the grave shall rank even  
And Rule in due time set the soul's clock in Heav'n

W. H. C. I

Note:- The paper this was copied from is somewhat torn and  
difficult to read, it may not therefore be quite correct  
G. H. L.

An "Epitaph to the Memory of Mr James Rule" follows the above  
but the newspaper is torn and only a fragment of this Epitaph  
remains. It appears to be about fourteen lines in length G. H. L.



Copied from 'The Universal Songster or Museum  
of Mirth.

### Misnomers.

Or a Sample of Contraries

Air - "Madam Fig's Gela" (W. H. Ireland)

I've a comical thought in my brain,  
So I'll e'en give my maggot his ramble;  
This life is so chequered by pain,  
Thick strewn o'er with thorn and with bramble;  
Let 'em seek out my meaning who will,  
Misnomers are now my vagaries;  
Eye mankind, my friends, just as ye will,  
'Tis my maxim to judge by contraries -  
Rumpti iddity, &c.

Mr Lion was meek as a dove,  
Mrs Dove clawed her spouse like a vulture,  
Mr Frost was overflowing with love,  
Mr Farmer knew nothing of culture;  
Mr Cannon had never seen shots,  
Captain Ball ran in battle from cannon,  
Mr Gardener had no plants or pots,  
Mr Irish was ne'er dipped in Shannon,  
Rumpti iddity &c.

Mr Black had a phiz like a smock,  
A mulatto was spruce Mr Fairman,  
Mr Head had the scone of a block,  
China oranges sold Mr Peerman;  
Mr Swift never stirred for the gout,  
Mr Round was a lone poplar-tree  
Mr Keene was a true lucky-cout,  
And the roughest of boatswains Ben Shee.  
Rumpti iddity &c.







4

Mr Ireland was true cockney bull,  
Mr England was Dublin's dear Pat,  
Mr Bright was confoundably dull,  
Mr Sharp was amazingly flat;  
Mr Cross was but more skin & bone,  
Of Greenadders Short was the tallest  
Mr Light weighed some twenty five stone,  
Mr Greathead of skulls had the smallest.  
Rumpti iddity &c

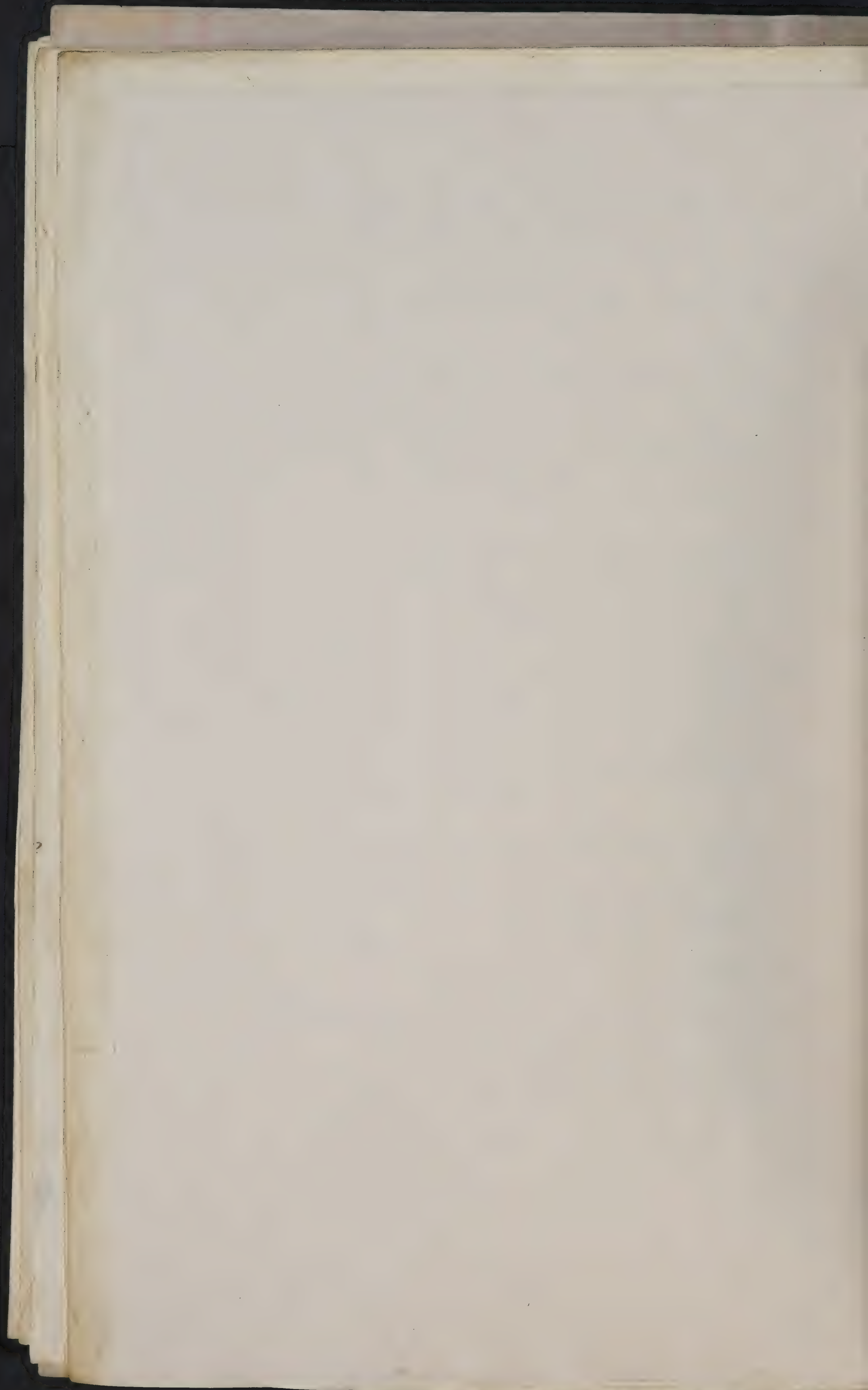
5

Mr Scarlet was true olive dye,  
Mr Taylor a needle ne'er or thread,  
Mr Frank was deceitful and sly,  
Mr Snow to the fire-side was wedded;  
Mr Green had a phiz passing blue,  
Mr Gray was all flaming with pimples,  
Miss Rose with rose-pink had health's ben,  
Mr Cook only lived upon scruples.  
Rumpti iddity &c

6

Mr Carpenter ne'er used a plane,  
Mr Sawyer he never saw saw-pit,  
Mr Turner the lathe turned on vain  
Mr Joiner for dove-tail had no wit;  
Mr Hunter was always on fire,  
Mrs Meek proved of shrews a choice pattern,  
Mr Dry only moved to perspire,  
Mrs. Pride in her dress was a pattern.  
Rumpti iddity &c







(1)

Mr Bull could not butt though he'd horns,  
 Mr Kane was in person bent double,  
 Mr Purice, fearing brims, slept on thorns,  
 Mr Peace all his life was in trouble;  
 Mr Fox never dreaded the hounds,  
 A loose coat the garb was of Spencer,  
 Mr Rich ne'er was worth twenty pounds,  
 Mr Bane shone just as a fence  
 Rumpst iddity &c

(2)

Mr Globed sat up all night,  
 Captain Woods lived upon the salt cellar,  
 Mr Thorogood never did right,  
 Mr Groves paid to Thomas about devotion;  
 For an amuse lived Mr Dale,  
 Mr Bruin hated beef that was salted,  
 Mr Hill snugly dwelt in a vale,  
 Mr Race on a nag never vaulted  
 Rumpst iddity &c

(3)

Mr Goodrich a rogue was and poor,  
 No bread ever baked Mr Baker,  
 Mr Speed never passed his own door,  
 Mr Quick was a prime undertaker;  
 The pleasantest fellow was Pease,  
 Mr Chandler abhorred smell of tallow,  
 Mr Fife never warbled a strain,  
 Mr Blood was all absorbed in tallow.







(10)

Mr. Grib to the sight seemed to fly,  
Of wit Mr. Flint had no part,  
Mr. Bacon of land was quite dry,  
Mr. Hook was not forward to catch a hare;  
Mr. Hogg never was a peep-lark;  
Mr. Clerk boasted himself the most pleasant,  
Mr. Thresher ne'er handled a flail,  
Mr. Small was a seven-foot giant.  
Rempti addit, &c.

(11)

Mr. Dicks never dreamed of a debt,  
Mr. Dicon was given to dreaming,  
A grain Mr. Dean never met,  
Mr. Luce of his sweetmeats was sparing;  
Mason Fisher and Post loved to hunt,  
Mason Foster and Smith kept stocks,  
Mr. Power was in power a month,  
Mr. Pope on his grounds ne'er made a track.  
Rempti addit, &c.

(12)

Mr. Temple ne'er passed a church-door,  
Mr. Bishop had rougher but blasphevous,  
Mr. Truwhit might work a rowl of yarn,  
The wheel was of Tartan the wheel;  
The strange was with all hand-in-glove,  
Mason Birch and Road ne'er flogged a bottom,  
Mr. Mild was coarse in his love,  
And the Bests were all swains, odd rot 'em.  
Rempti addit, &c.





(13)

Mr Tuck could not bear a tick-out,  
Mr Stride was a hop-and-go-one,  
Mr Peak in love-war lost his snout,  
Mr Ladd was the foremost of fun;  
Mr Shade ever courted Sol's glare,  
Mr Gamble was ranked an upright man,  
Mr Gay was the true type of care  
Dick Sweetland's employ was a nightman,  
Rumple iddity &c.

(14)

From these samples, good friends, it is plain,  
O'er outside is nothing but seeming,  
We are but skin deep, for the vein  
With something contrary is teeming;  
Through life it will ever be found,  
To rely on the Casket's a blunder,  
Though jewels to sight may abound,  
The Devil lies snugly couched under.  
Rumple iddity &c



